

Suck



"Let's meet at the Plaza and have lunch at Child's"



S. Blue Plummer

"Where shall we meet for lunch?"

THE RENDEZVOUS

The **HARDMAN** Five-foot Grand

The Hardman is the Official Piano of the Metropolitan Opera Company

725 dollars
—easy payments



SIT down at a Hardman Five-Foot Grand. Play the piece you love best. *Hear how song-melody flows from that wonder instrument.* You can hear the merry twitter of birds in the high staccato—the rumble of thunder and the crashing, groaning of wrenched branches in the low, sonorous octaves.

Caruso, Hempel, Barrientos, Muzio and other great Metropolitan artists use, endorse and love the Hardman.

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It is made in the richest cases. Master craftsmen fashion it—men who have made only the finest instruments since 1842.

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Harrington Piano - \$300



*Made by the men who
make the famous*

HARDMAN

Back of this Piano

—the whole

HARDMAN

Organization

HARDMAN reputation is three-quarter-century-old—and world-wide. It backs the medium-priced Harrington with the same fervor as the HARDMAN itself.

Here is a master piano. In tone, in beauty, in quality, it gives practically the utmost that any piano can give. It is made in large numbers. It is slightly less *luxurious*. This makes its price so low.

Look into the Harrington now. Easy payments.

SOME Classic Questions Answered

Who is Sylvia? Probably a nice, little country girl with an ambition to out-Pickford Mary. Try the studio waiting rooms.

Knowest thou the land where the citrons bloom? Yes, gentle stranger, right here in the U. S. A. Only sometimes they're called "suckers," occasionally "easy marks," and not infrequently "the general public." Our motto, *E Pluribus Unum*, leads us to hope that out of many such, one enterprising person can easily earn not only his livelihood but something for gasoline.

Was this ambition? We don't exactly know but we are willing to wager that both Theodore and William Jennings have it.

Who killed Cock Robin? In the general antiphony of denial we select the near-sighted citizen who mistook him for a pesky, little English sparrow.

Who threw the overalls? An exuberant parvenu who saw himself in evening clothes for the first time.

The First Time

"When did you first become acquainted with your husband?"

"The first time I asked him for money after we were married."

Her Eyes Open

PARSON JACKSON: "Does yo' take dis man foh' better or wuss?"

THE BRIDE: "Ah'll take him jest as he am. If he gets any better, I'se afraid he'll die, and if he gets any wuss, I'll kill him ma'nself."



The Cow: "Seems as though it's always milking time, nowadays."



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What It Was

The small boy was the first to answer the telephone. The person on the other end of the wire was a friend of his mother, and the following conversation ensued: "Is this Mrs. Blank's residence?" "No, ma'am, it's Mrs. Blank's little boy."

Like an Immigrant

"Charley is so poetical. When I accepted him he said he felt like an immigrant entering a new world."

"Well, he was an immigrant."

"What do you mean?"

"Wasn't he just landed?"



Playwright: "Here, here, this meadow scene will never do."

Stage Director: "I thought you said the people wanted realism."



The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that the Serbians are a grazing people, and she knew the food supply was running pretty short, but hadn't supposed it was bad as all that.



"We're ready, by golly!
More patience is folly,"
Remarked Uncle Sam in a fix;
"We'll spring a surpriser
On Billie the Kaiser,—
Some spirit of seventy-six!"

THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses By BERTON BRALEY

Drawings By MERLE JOHNSON



The pacifist fellows
Discarding their yellows
Are seeing the light through a mist;
For, loyal and smiling
The peace-gang is filing
By dozens and scores to enlist.

With vim pugilistic
A chap pacifistic
Was walloped by Senator Lodge,
Hank may be a highbrow
With uplifted eyebrow
But trouble won't cause him to dodge.

Our navy's recruiting
Is certainly shooting
Ahead at a glorious rate;
Our army, however,
In spite of endeavor
Is not in an excellent state.

With lavishness splendid
Great Britain expended
Some two billion pounds in a year;
A sum which we mention
With small comprehension,
We can't think in billions, we fear.

But this we can swear to,
We'd really not care to
Pay such a large bill with our verse,
If high cost of living
Such worry is giving
The high cost of fighting is worse.

Yet, mid all the gruff rage
Of fighting, the suffrage
Is promised to women, and thus
The "hide-bound old English"
Proceed to distinguish
Themselves as less "hide-bound" than
us!

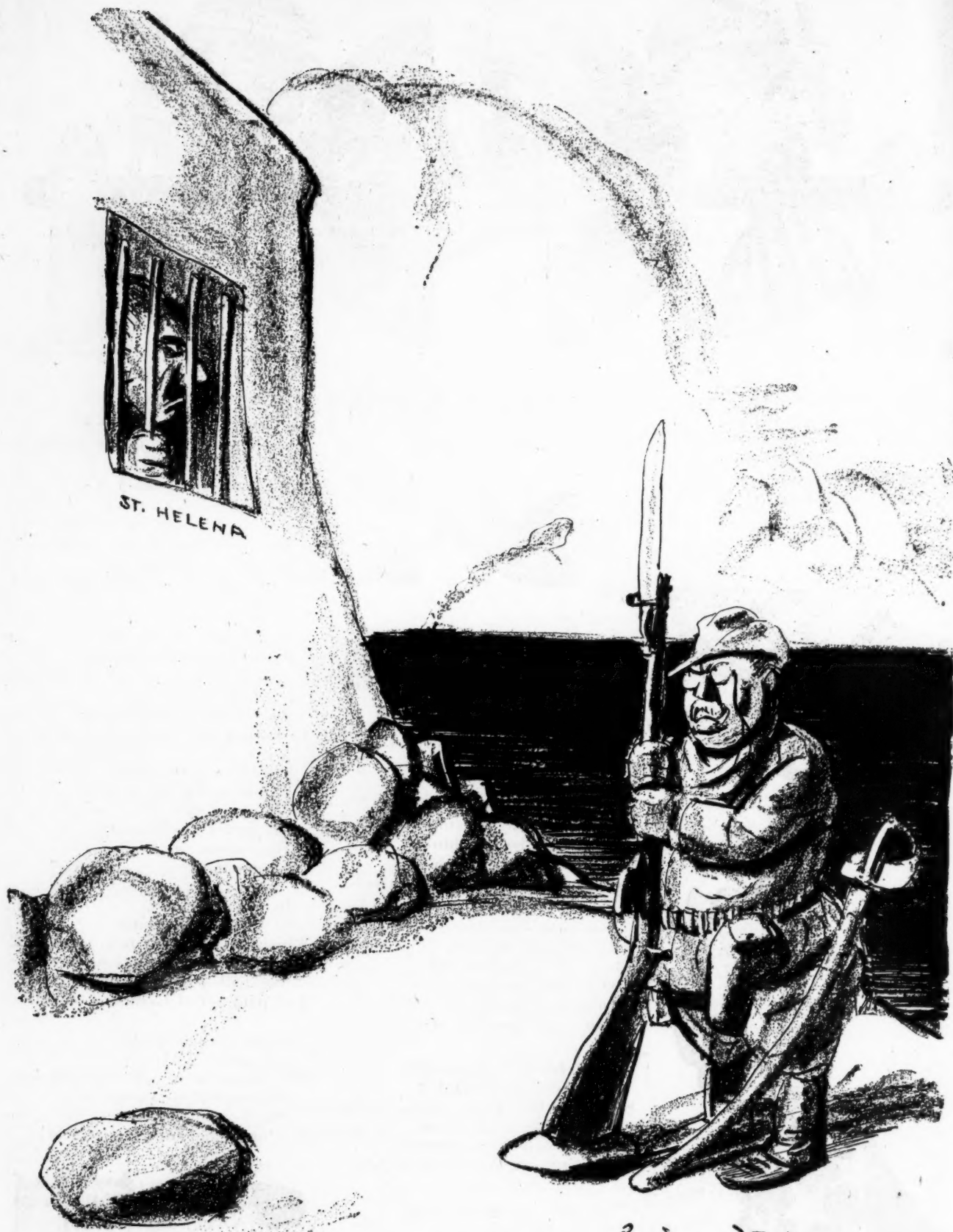
The papers are teeming
With Germany's scheming
To put the Czar back on his throne,
If we were the Kaiser
We'd think it much wiser
To keep a firm seat on our own.

Disturbance and riot
Should make him unquiet
And famine upset him awhile,
He should be discerning
The future, and learning
That autocrats won't be in style!

In Mexico stirring
Events are occurring
Which menace our safety, we're told,
We hear that their peons
Are drilled to fight we'uns,
And paid out of Germany's Gold.

Again German raiders
Are bothering traders
'Way down in the soft southern seas,
Whatever their course is
The Teutonic forces
Are busy—and stinging—as bees!





Boardman and Stinson

The Millenium



VOL. LXXXI No. 2094

WEEK ENDING APRIL 21, 1917

Quitting Time

LET it be said to the credit of Nicholas Romanoff that he gave up his job gracefully. There were no long speeches, no play to the galleries. He hung up his crown and took to shoveling snow.

We wonder just how William Hohenzollern, the sole remaining relic of absolutism—unless we include his cousin-in-arms, the tottering Mohammed V.—will accept his rapidly-approaching abdication.

That he will accept it philosophically, we have grave doubts, although he has it in his power to earn an everlasting niche in history by stepping down and out and by this one stroke end the war.

No, William is too great a swashbuckler to resign his power without a display of pyrotechnics. There will be heart-rending appeals to "my beloved people," whom he has led into a shambles; there will be the customary Hohenzollern blasphemy of enlisting God in his service, at a time when all the powers of darkness might be pushed to extremity without equalling the fiendishness of Prussian savagery. There will be much noise, and many dramatic poses struck, but in the end, William Hohenzollern will join Nicholas Romanoff in a well-earned oblivion.

Why not take time by the forelock, and step down before the sanity of the German people renders the move imperative?

Do Not Plan Ahead

AS you value your happiness, do not plan ahead any further than is absolutely necessary. To plan ahead is merely to fill your life with disappointments and rob it of all spontaneity. To make a plan and stick to it is to mortgage oneself to the future; to make a plan and not stick to it is to waste one's time in idle speculation.

There are philosophers who would go so far as to take the child in the cradle and map out its whole life in minute detail, but those philosophers are to be shunned.

Of course, in this poorly arranged world, it is impossible to do entirely without plans, but we can try and to the extent that we succeed just to that extent can we live our lives as we go along and enjoy them.

The Dictator of Columbia University

IN our curiously American way we are accustomed to laugh at pompous potentates wherever we find them. It makes no difference whether they cling to an heirloom crown, to money bags or to a university. Perhaps it is because we resent the term, "our subjects," as applied to citizens and freemen. If we have a mind at all we like to give it utterance once in a while without any restrictions except good taste, common sense and conscience. Freedom of

speech—the interchange of honest differences of opinion—is with all Americans, except a few like Nicholas Murray Butler apparently, a respected privilege springing naturally from our democratic ideals and our republican institutions.

At a wave of the academic sceptre wielded by its President Plenipotentiary, the son of Count Leo Tolstoy was forbidden to lecture at Columbia University. His discourse was prejudged, censored in advance, condemned without a hearing. When a student, impelled by his sense of humor and his sense of justice, voiced a protest against this arbitrary act in one of Columbia's periodicals, he was first dropped from the staff and then expelled from the university. Thus the "dark forces" at Columbia gained a complete though hollow victory.

We trust that neither the faculty nor the student body of New York's oldest and most honored university has been prevented by its absolute ruler from learning the facts about Russian emancipation. The lesson of that historic upheaval should be well conned by the principal protagonist for reaction at Columbia.

Coming to Russia

THE full benefits of the Russian Revolution will not appear at once. At least another generation must grow up before one of the chief boons comes upon the stage, namely, the Daughters of the Russian Revolution.

The Daughters of the Russian Revolution will be one of the most respectable organizations that Russia contains. They will not be at all revolutionary themselves. On the contrary, they will be prim and precise and highly conservative. They will spend their time going to teas, holding meetings and persuading themselves that the men who are now participating in the Russian Revolution were so much more than mere men as to be almost demigods and in agreeing that anyone who can't trace his lineage back to one of these personages is not worthy of social consideration.

Our Beloved Constitution

WE have the honor to live under a constitution made a century and a quarter ago by men who believed in chattel slavery, who had little faith in majority rule, who rode in stage coaches, who used sailing vessels exclusively, who never sent a telegram, who would have believed a telephone a dangerous bit of necromancy, who enacted blue laws and who, though highly spoken of by the Daughters of the Revolution, were not only mere men, but who, according to Professor McMaster "were always our equals and sometimes our masters in all the frauds and tricks that go to make up the worst form of practical politics."



One of our little
Fifth Avenue shops



The Porter



The Delivery Wagon



and the Shipping Clerk

A Kindergarten of Crime

In Chicago, home of many strange and dubious cults, trades and professions, there has lately been discovered a school for robbers. The alumni catalogue of this institution, so far as is known, has not yet been published. There is good reason to believe, however, that the gentlemen connected with the recent retailing of foodstuffs at exorbitant prices were not graduates of the school, though their work might lead one to suppose that they had received *magna cum laude* degrees in the study of robbery. The thief whose thieving powers are developed by instruction from professors of thievery would be taught that when he takes something that doesn't belong to him, he ought to do it in a guarded, not to say surreptitious, manner, so that the police will not apprehend him with enthusiastic pleasure and cast him energetically into jail. The food speculator, on the other hand, cares not a fig for guardedness, nor does he care the half or the quarter of a fig for surreptitiousness. It is safe to go even farther and declare firmly that the food speculator, or super-thief, doesn't even care as much as a worm-hole in a stale fig for surreptitiousness, guardedness or any of the conventional hush-stuff. Not he! He comes, out in the cold, relentless glare of a hotel lobby at mid-day and states in a loud, raucous voice that he has cornered the potato-market, and that the public can hurry up and pay him thirty dollars a bushel for said potatoes at their earliest convenience, or even earlier. And instead of hastening to the nearest patrol-box and sending in a call for the hurry-up



Mama: "Dear, we simply must get a chaise longue for this room."

Papa: "But who the dickens can play it?"

wagon, the policeman who hears him scratches his head dubiously and wonders where he can scrape up thirty dollars for the purpose of buying a bushel. The Chicago school for robbers may have been considered rather ultra in Chicago crook circles; but if its faculty or students had ever tried to match their knowledge of robbery against that of a food speculator, they would doubtless have had the gold fillings stolen from their teeth before they had begun to get warmed up.

— K. L. R.

Set Her Thinking

MRS. HENPECK: I don't like the way you turn around in the street and look after girls in those dreadful short skirts.

HENPECK: Tut, tut, my dear. It's merely a matter of form.

Polite Urchin

"What dirty hands you have, Johnny," said his teacher. "What would you say if I came to school that way?"

"I wouldn't say nothin'," replied Johnny. "I'd be too polite."

A London Ad

According to a London paper, the Lady's Magazine of 1789 contained the following comprehensive advertisement: "Wanted, for a sober family, a man of light weight, who fears the Lord and can drive a pair of horses. He must occasionally wait at table, join in household prayer, look after the horses, and read a chapter in the Bible. He must rise at 7 in the morning, obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands, and if he can dress hair, sing psalms and play at cribbage, so much the better. Wages, 15 guineas a year."

A Useful Ailment

TELLEM: Si Grass bought a sure cure for rheumatism last week.

ASKEM: Did it cure him?

TELLEM: His wife won't let him take it till after the picnic. She wants to know whether it is going to rain that day.



Subway express train now that everybody has discovered that if one walks to the end of the platform one is likely to find a seat.

New School Needed

We have been expecting for some time the announcement that one of our universities had established a school of Scientific Begging. Really, an institution of the sort is badly needed. Of course, the already plucked public would groan. But the professional collectors would crowd the halls of learning until its walls bulged outward. Undoubtedly the hat passers realize that the people who do the chipping in are tolerably tired of tag days, bazaars, benefit performances, et cetera. Present methods of gathering the "gelt" are lacking both in pep and efficiency. Several times recently, cases have come to our notice where the reputed beneficiaries actually got some of the money. Learning by accident of the large sums which had been collected for their use, these boorish, ignorant creatures demanded seats at the table when the melon was cut.

A Scientific Begging course should include three general branches:

1. Discovering new objects of charity capable of successful exploitation.
2. Getting the money.
3. Getting away with it.

Skilled operatives from leading detective agencies and sob sisters on daily papers should be employed to deliver the lectures in Branch One. So thoroughly covered is the field that only specialists can discover promising new plants. Sob sisters are trained to perceive at a glance the tear-starting possibilities of a story and to make the most of those possibilities. It should be impressed upon students that the supposed recipient of the donation and the donor must be widely separated. For distance lends enchantment and also prevents investigation.

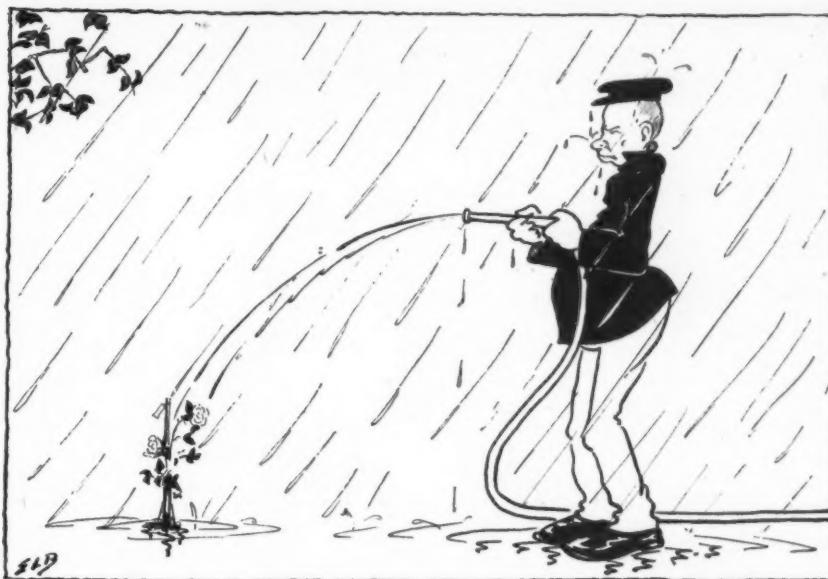
Successful Wall Street promoters seem well fitted for lectureships in Branch Two. And for Branch Three, receivers of defunct savings banks could scarcely be excelled.

The thoughtless possibly will ask: Why not educate the pauper and let him do his own begging, thus cutting out the middleman? A dazzling scheme, but impracticable. Multiply the present swarm of buttonholers a thousand fold and the public would fly to its last desperate refuge—euthanasia. Besides—horrible thought!—the professional collectors would have to go to work.

Unobserving

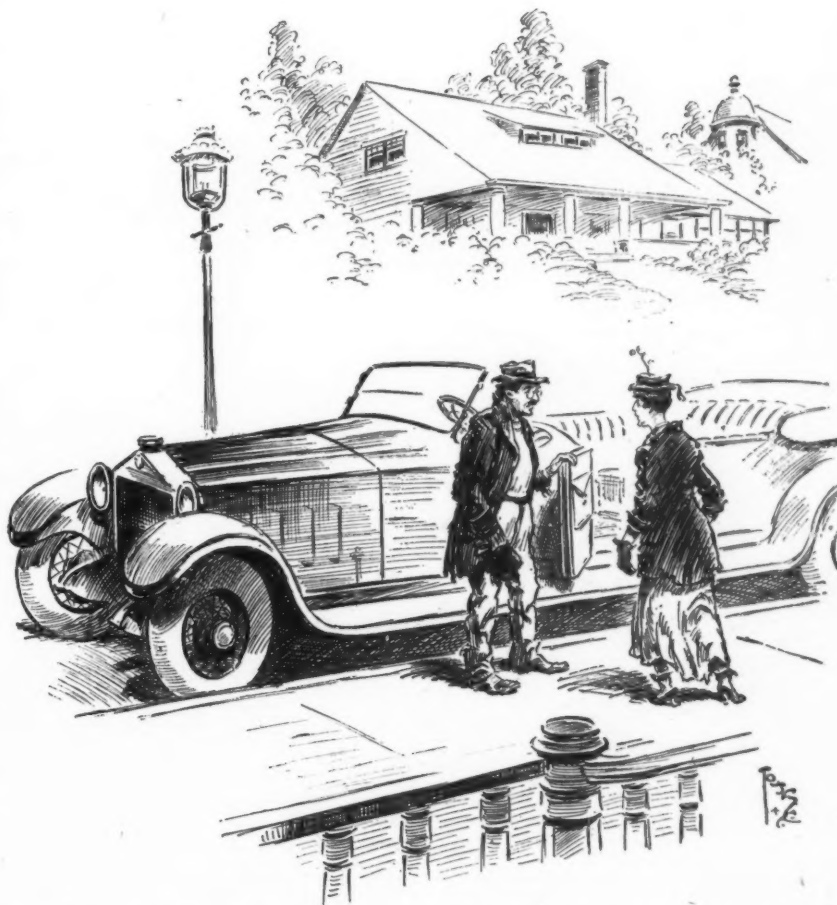
"John, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?"
 "Yes, but I don't think he can read it."
 "Why so, John?"
 "Because he is blind, sir. While I wur in the room he axed me twice where my hat wur, and it wur on my head all the time."

Our new Declaration of Independence should begin, "When in the course of inhuman events."



German Hortikultur

When "Kamerade" Fritz was made gardener, he was told to water the flowers daily!



Since they bought their new twin-six the Martins have had to economize on everything else.

A Page of Sketches from the French Front



"After all, there are happy moments in our trench life!"



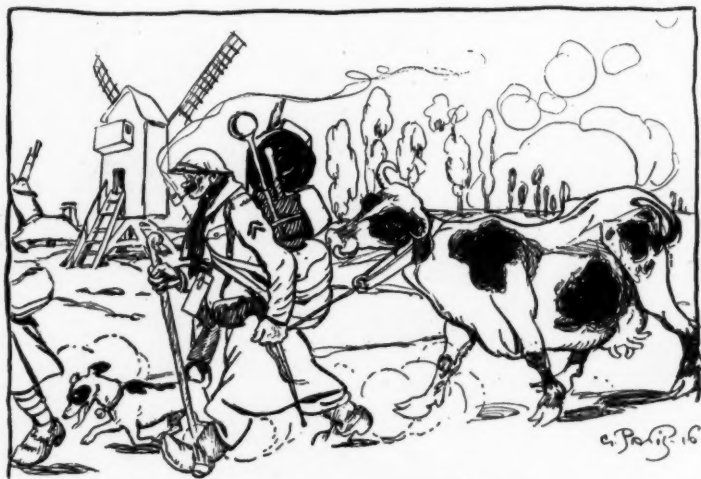
"Tiens! My lad, this is not my favorite vintage!"

FEW contributors to the French weeklies are better known than Georges Pavis, who has sent us this page of impressions from the American Ambulance Hospital, at Neuilly-sur-Seine, where he is recovering from serious wounds received at Verdun. M. Pavis went through the campaigns of the Marne and Champagne, and, while only 24 years of age, displayed great gallantry in the action where he finally received his injuries. Writing from the American Hospital, Miss Irene Adler, a New York girl, says:

"He will be a cripple for life, as his hip was smashed by a shell. However, he still has his hands, so that he can always continue his profession. He said to me that he would have killed himself if anything had happened to his arms. I do hope my *blesse's* (meaning "wounded") sketches will meet with success."



Four "close-ups" from a reel of the busy Poilu's day in the trenches.



"Zut! The doctor has put me on a milk diet!"



Lord Dundreary at the front.



She: "Jack sails abroad to-morrow."
He: "Going to fight?"
She: "Well, rather! He's going to meet his wife!"

Dates

Dates are divided into three great classes: the sort you keep, or the friendly date; the sort you eat, or the edible date; and the sort you can't remember, or the historical date.

The friendly date makes the greatest appeal to the young; the edible date finds its greatest friends in middle-aged folk who think more of their stomachs than of anything else; and the historical date is the favorite of the aged citizens who distinctly remember Lincoln's first call for troops and the year of the little apples.

Probably the sweetest variety of date known to science is the one which Edwin makes with Mollie to go the the movies on

Friday night. He would rather have one such date than a thousand dollars' worth of the sticky brown things that can be bought at the corner fruit stand. And you could tell Edwin a hundred times that the Battle of Thermopylae was fought in the year 480 B.C.; but a week later he wouldn't remember it half as well as he would remember the fact that Millie's home was at 326 Cottage Avenue.

The edible date is very popular among the Arabs, who prefer it to Hungarian goulash or to griddle cakes with maple syrup. It is probable, however, that if the edible date were taken from the Arab, and he were left with nothing but the friendly date, he would manage to exist without undue suffering.

The historical date is very handy to put on coins and to insert at the proper places in histories and other works of reference; but it is of little assistance to the march of human progress, and could be eliminated without greatly annoying anyone except the people who have to write the histories. In fact, it is believed that all women over eighteen years of age would welcome the elimination of all dates of an historical nature.

The only sort of date, therefore, which is essential to our happiness and well-being is the first-mentioned, or friendly date. So long as Edwin can continue to meet Mollie on the corner, and take her to the movies on Friday evenings, and sit in the shadow of her porch through long, lustrous summer nights, the world will continue to revolve with great energy and success, and there will always be folk to garner edible dates and forget the historical sort. The date is a great institution.

One Better

"Father," asked eight-year-old Alice, returning home from school, "are you good at punctuation?"

"Yes," replied the father.

"Well, tell me, please, how would you punctuate, 'The wind blew a \$5 bill around the corner!'"

"Why, daughter, I would simply put a period at the end of the sentence."

"I wouldn't," said Alice, mischievously, "I would make a dash after the \$5 bill."

The Hero

He sits upon his horse all day,
And watches well the throbbing way,
Where motors reel with giddy speed
And strollers dodge a prancing steed.
Nothing disturbs his placid pose,
Though life about him ebbs and flows.
Some faithful guard of Plaza Square?
Ah, no! 'tis Sherman's statue there!

Unprincipled Wretch

"You simply can not trust anybody: Every one seems so dishonest nowadays," declared the lady. "My maid, whom I had the utmost confidence in, left me suddenly yesterday and took with her my beautiful pearl brooch."

"That is too bad," sympathized the friend.

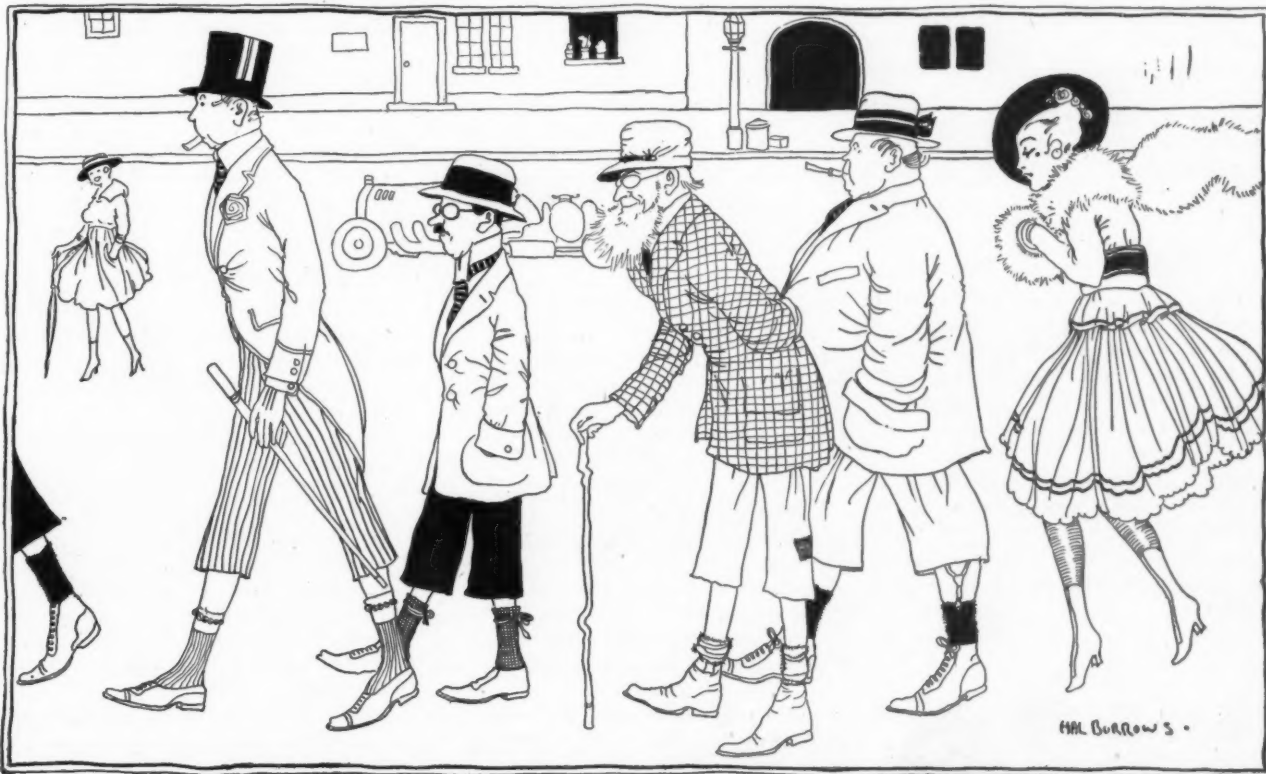
"Which one was it?"

"That very pretty one I smuggled through last spring."

Isn't It So

TAILOR: It's wonderful what a change new clothes make in a man.

FRESHMAN (gazing on the remnants of his allowance): It's wonderful what a little they leave.



What if men's trousers were subject to changes in style, like the ladies' skirts?

The Fable of Oscar and the Wrong Hair-Cut

Oscar looked like a cross between a bar-room bouncer and the missing link. You could not tell by the o. o. process that he was strong for Shelley and Keats and that the Nocturnes of Chopin put him into a tender mood. His face somehow did not harmonize with his immortal soul. By a stretch of imagination you might have pictured him reading the comic serials in the Evening Yellers or the photographs of prize-fighters in the Pink Gazette—but nothing more.

This was the trouble. Oscar frequented a tonsorial studio where the presiding artist used a machine gun and a trench excavator on his patrons. He especially delighted to work on our hero. When he was finished, the back of Oscar's head had nothing on and the matting in front was parted ostentatiously and plastered down with something violently shiny. Oscar's chin was a patriotic riot of red, white and blue and his whole personality was redolent of perfumes Araby never was responsible for. The young man looked like a horrible example. People who called him a lowbrow gave him the benefit of the doubt.

One day Oscar toppled into love with Angelina. She admired his strength, though she admitted to herself that his taste in hair-cuts sacrificed discrimination to thoroughness. With a woman's intuition she realized that Oscar had possibilities in spite of his criminal make-up.

Tactfully she induced him to visit a barber-shop instead of a tonsorial studio. Of course he paid almost three times as much for the operation but it was worth it. The barber emphasized his resemblance to human-kind. He trained Oscar's hair back, avoided the tornado effect in the rear and encouraged the beginnings of a Van Dyke beard. Oscar soon lost all traces of his simian ancestry so completely that he was mistaken by a lady from out-of-town for a floorwalker who was once kind to her. —E. L.

Not the One for Him

Jenkins, who frequently looks upon the wine when it is red in the cup, was reading to his wife some scientific notes from the Sunday paper, when he exclaimed:

"Well! Well! Will wonders never cease? They've got so now they can photograph in colors?"

Whereupon Mrs. Jenkins gave a significant glance at her better half's proboscis, and responded:

"Dearie, I think you'd better get your picture taken before the old process is abandoned."

Good News

"My dear, our landlord says he's going to raise our rent."

"Glad to hear he can do it. I can't."



Blame It on the Short Skirts

Stranger: "My God, Officer, do you see the same thing I see?"

Officer: "I don't see anything wrong."

The German Viewpoint

"Americans have not the slightest reason to be provoked at our intentions."

The Berlin Lokal-Anzeiger.

As Little Red Riding Hood strolled one day

Through a forest wild and umbrageous,

A wolf with a smile more bold than gay

Leaped out in a style rampageous.

"My dear," he rasped with a voice of steel,

"I think that I ought to mention

There isn't a reason for you to feel

Provoked at my good intention!"

When Simon Legree picked up his whip

And cracked it with animation,

He smiled at Eliza's trembling lip

And evident consternation.

"Woman," he cried, "dry up those tears!

This isn't the place or season

For being provoked or for showing fears:

You haven't the slightest reason!"

When blood-spattered Huns despoiled the towns

In lands they had violated,

They viewed with amaze the scornful frowns

Of wretches they robbed and baited.

"Come, come!" they remarked as they

seized and yoked

For slaves the strongest and brightest,

"You have no reason to be provoked:

No reason—not even the slightest!"

Exclusive

A small boy who was sitting next to a very haughty lady in a crowded car kept on sniffing in a very annoying manner. At last the lady could bear it no longer, and turned to the lad.

"Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds and then came the answer:

"Yes, I 'ave, but I don't lend it to strangers."

Too Much Two-Two

The old lady from the country went to the ticket office to inquire how often the trains left for Kansas City.

"From two-two to two-to-two," replied the ticket agent.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed the old lady, "and be you the whistle?"

Old School

"Ah, yes," said Senator Smugg, as he interlaced his claws in a self-satisfied way in front of his corporosity. "I got my start in life by clerking in an humble grocery store at a salary of three dollars a week, and I saved money on that."

"But," replied the astute reporter, "that, of course was before cash registers were invented."



A Ticklish Position



Naming the Newcomer

She thought awhile and then suggested Mallymalion County Langford Ireland.

Who Was There

BARNSTORMER: You have plays in this theater every season, don't you?

MANAGER OF OPERA HOUSE: O, yes.

BARNSTORMER: Who was here on the opening night this year?

MANAGER OF OPERA HOUSE: Eph Hoskins and the fellow who runs the hotel, and myself.

Out of the Question

"Here is something very elegant," says the salesman, piloting the lady through the display of beds. "This is our latest design in twin beds, and is one of the most popular things we sell. I would suggest that you cannot do better than to buy them."

"Twin beds?" replied the lady. "They are pretty, but—but we haven't twins!"



First Mortgage

Salesman: "It's a dandy little car and you can get it for a song."

"Yes, Home Sweet Home, I suppose."

A Great Burden

"You are a great burden to me," said the Old Man of the Sea after he and Sindbad had finished luncheon and were preparing to continue their journey.

"A great burden?" queried Sindbad raising his eyebrows in somewhat pardonable surprise.

"Yes, a great burden."

"I don't quite understand," replied Sindbad. "Now if I were to say that you were a great burden to me, that would appear much more reasonable."

"Pshaw, you are always thinking of yourself," expostulated the Old Man of the Sea impatiently. "Consequently you look at things in a narrow, sordid light. It is true, I might be somewhat of a burden to you in a physical sense. But what does that amount to? We should all rise above such considerations."

"In what sense is it that I am a burden to you, if I may ask?" ventured Sindbad.

"In a mental sense. Also in a moral sense. Burdens of this kind are much more burdensome than burdens of other kind. You are on my mind all the time."

His Advice

CUSTOMER (in restaurant): Waiter, my cocoa is cold.

WAITER: Well, sah, why don't yo' put on yo' hat, sah?

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows," he said dreamily.

"And I know a bank where the interest on the mortgage grows," said his wife—and it was no dream.

The Germ of a Big Idea

According to the news reports, the Paterson, N. J., board of health, campaigning to make doctors report births promptly, has sought to enlist the aid of the women by issuing birth certificates engraved in gold and tied with pink or blue ribbon.

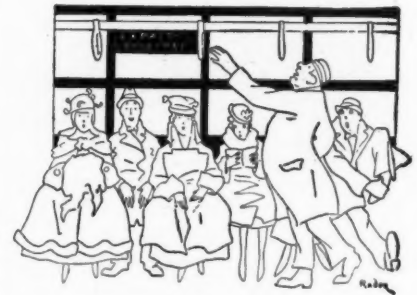
The result of this experiment should be watched attentively by business organizations throughout the country. If it is successful, the scheme presents almost unlimited opportunities to persons and corporations who are anxious for feminine patronage. An alert railroad, for example, could sell tickets tastefully edged with Cluny lace and tied in the upper left-hand corner with red satin bows, so that the tickets, after being punched, could be used as hat or waist decorations by fair purchasers. Competing railroads would have to do likewise or go out of business—according to the Paterson idea.

Manufacturers of canned goods, instead of gluing the labels to the cans, might fasten them on with baby ribbon and advertise the fact that the ribbon was of exactly the right length to run through lingerie. The women would take no other—if we can believe Paterson.

An enterprising yeast-cake maker could wrap his product in rice-powder paper, thus enabling the cook to powder her nose with the wrapper while mixing the yeast-cake with the flour, and giving him—unless Paterson has erred—a tremendous advantage over the companies that wrap their yeast-cakes in old-fashioned tin-foil.

Newspapers, if the Paterson board of health has correctly sized up the feminine mind, could make a tremendous appeal to the weaker sex by printing coupons good for a couple of yards of soutache braid and a taffeta hair ribbon; while banks could effect a tremendous increase in the number of their feminine depositors by issuing bank books trimmed with ermine.

There is no doubt that the Paterson board of health has unearthed the germ of a great idea. The feminine mind is and always has been peculiarly susceptible to the influence of ribbons and similar frippery. The only question is whether the feminine mind hasn't progressed to a point where it's ashamed to admit it.



"A Footless Remark"

ART

After he had adjusted the shades beneath the sloping glass roof of his atelier until he had just the light he wanted, the sculptor resumed his work. He was putting the finishing touches on the figure of a nude woman. So gently did he tap with his mallet that only the resultant white dust at the end of the delicate chisel showed that he was removing any of the marble.

As he stood back to admire his work from a new angle the doorbell rang, a postman's whistle sounding at the same time. When he opened the door he saw that it was a new man.

"Say, are you Henry Webster?" queried the postman as he fingered a bundle of letters.

"I am."

"Here's some mail for you. Say, there's some funny guys in these studio buildings, ain't they?"

"There may be, but most of them take themselves more or less seriously."

"I'm new on this route, but I kind of like it. Most of the nuts on this block paints pictures. Are you an artist?"

"Well, I claim to be, but I don't paint pictures. I'm a sculptor."

"Oh, I know; make statutes and images and things."

"That's the idea."

"Did you sculpt that?" pointing to the marble figure.

"Yes."

"Say, that doll's got some swell shape, ain't she?"

"Do you like it?"

"Say, she's a pippin! Listen, is that all you do for a livin'?"

"That's all."

"What'll a Jane like that bring you?"

"That figure was ordered, and the appropriation for it was fifteen thousand dollars."

"The hell you say! Say, is it hard to make them figgers out o' stone?"

"Oh, no; you see the figures are all in the blocks of marble when I buy them. All I have to do is to chip away the unnecessary stone and then I have the figure."

"Pretty soft!" said the postman as he slammed the door.

The Revised Version

Billy Jones wrote on the blackboard. "Billy Jones can hug the girls better than anybody in the school." The teacher seeing it, called him up.

"William, did you write that?" she said.

Billy admitted that he did, and she told him that he could remain thirty minutes after school was dismissed. The children waited for Billy to come out, when they began to guy him.

"Got a lickin' didn't you?"

"No," said Bill.

"Get jawed?"

"No."

"What did they do?" they asked.

"Shan't tell," said Bill, "but it pays to advertise."



Joan of Arkansaw and the Voices
(With apologies to Bastien-Lepage)



"I thought I'd bring your breakfast up to you, dear."

Plays and Players

By Alan Dale

Every sophisticated theatre-goer knows enough to expect "important papers" when he sees a safe moored to the scenery; also that a tuberculous finale is indicated by a heroine's cough; also that a desk with aggressively unlocked drawers is designed to secrete millions of dollars that will be elaborately stolen; and further, that diamond tiaras and necklaces are usually present in order to be dramatically purloined. In the case of Horace Annesley Vachell at the Lyceum Theatre — otherwise "The Case of Lady Camber"—it is a chest ostentatiously containing the very deadliest of poisons that is the obvious key to this most stage-ridden offering.

Ingenuous Horace Annesley Vachell! We are told that the poison is not only perfectly deadly, but that it leaves no trace. It produces collapse, coma, death, and so on. As far as I am concerned, when these traps are laid for my common sense, the "play" is finished, and home is very alluring, but my duty keeps me glued there. So I stayed through "The Case of Lady Camber," saw the poor thing die, listened to the accusations against the "trained nurse" suspected of having administered the theatrical dose, smiled at the "affair" which was supposed to have existed between nurse and Lord Camber, and inhaled it all in that I-told-you-so manner that must be extremely exasperating to playwrights.

In the end, the coma-collapse, death-producing poison was quite exonerated, and may be set aside for some other play of equal plausibility. I had thought, in my artless way, that poison had gone out of fashion and that playwrights were not using it this season. I was wrong. Even in "The Fugitive" the lovely Clare carried some about with her—good old-time laudanum, the sort that mother loved! To give Horace Annesley Vachell his due, the poison in "The Case of Lady Camber" was not quite so ordinary. It was called talein, or something of that ilk, and was what the "press agent" calls "new and novel," but the idea lacked ingenuity.

"The Case of Lady Camber" reminded me of a fireworks enclosure. You see all the "set pieces" and know exactly when they will explode. But the fireworks are more entertaining. At least you say "Ah!" when the mighty wheel whizzes, and "Oh!" when amidst crackling repartee, the face of Lydia Pinkham is revealed in illumination. In the case of the play, you are not at all excited, and not a bit grateful.

It isn't often that a leading lady is permitted to draw her salary without appearing in the last act of a play. Yet in Mr. Vachell's effort—and it *was* an effort—Miss

Mary Boland expires long before the piece ends, and leaves you lamenting. Whether she "cuts" her salary in deference to this eccentricity, or takes the ground that her early death is not due to her own negligence, I do not know. Her chief mourners are Lynn Harding, Louie Emery, Sydney Shields, and Kate Sergeantson. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

There is no actress on the American stage to-day—perhaps I am repeating myself, but no matter—who is so well worth watching as Miss Laurette Taylor, and her "play" really is never of overweening importance. She is the actress whose name is worth advertising in small caps with the title of the play in agate. And there are not many such.

Her latest, succeeding "The Harp of Life" at the Globe Theatre, is "Out There" by



Grandmother was always glad to receive a bag of peppermints.



But nowadays you have to come across with a crate of confectionery, like this.

J. Hartley Manners, who is wise enough to call it a "dramatic composition" and would be wiser still if he omitted the adjective entirely. It is not at all dramatic. It is what youthful reviewers sometimes call a "slice of life" or a "human document" affecting enjoyment because there is no tarnish of the "theatre." The iconoclastically juvenile critic loves the theatre when he can say that there is no theatre about it at all.

That is his *summum bonum*. I am afraid that I cannot sympathize with him very acutely.

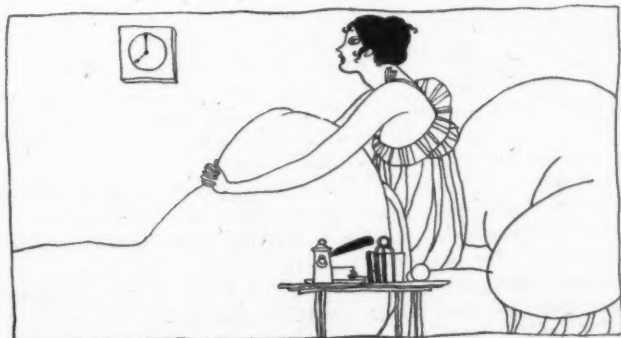
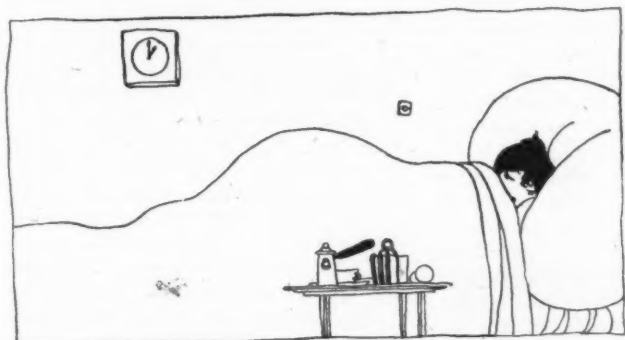
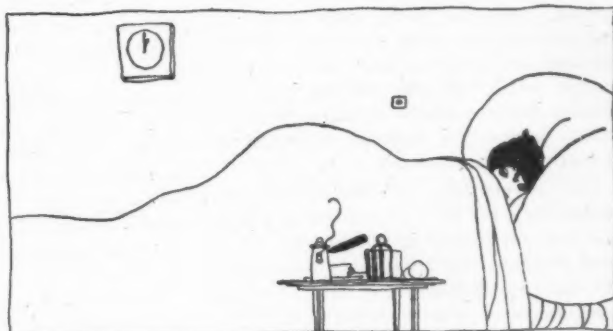
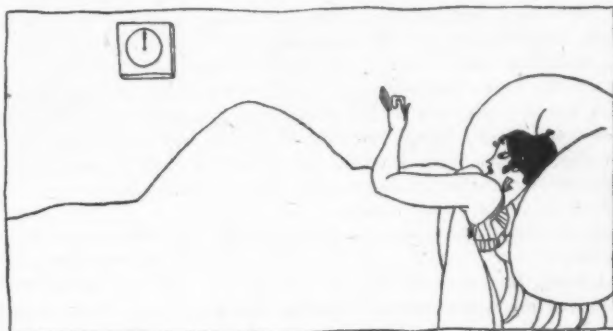
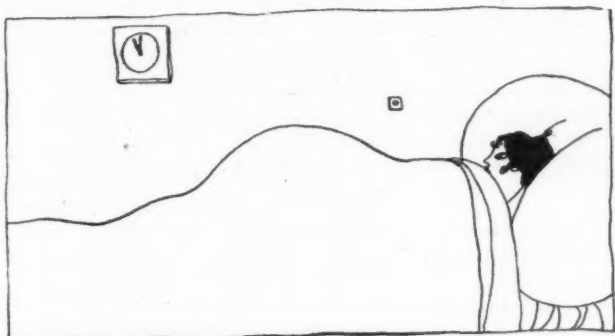
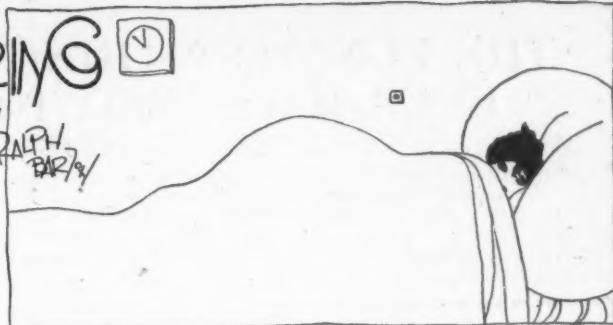
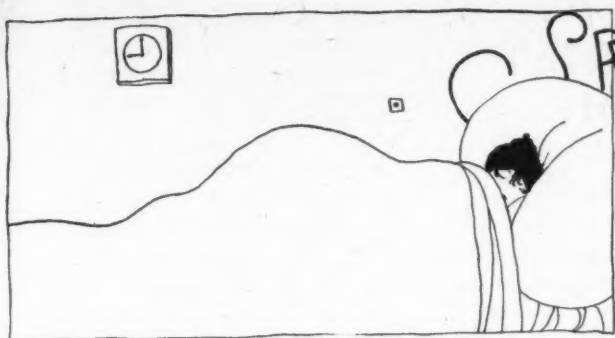
I hate the conventional and the obvious, but I like a dash or so of footlights, for flavoring purposes—not the cut-and-dried dash, but something ingenious and unexpected. "Out There" proved to be the story of a wistfully cockney lassie—at least theatrically wistful—who yearned to help her country in "the war" and finally went to the front as a nurse. That gave rise to a second act, laid in a hospital "somewhere in France" where 'aunted Annie was seen tending the sick and wounded.

The hospital scene, very amusing and delightful, was not quite as untheatrical as my critical friends would believe, or like to believe. In five of the beds were an Irishman, a cockney, a Canadian, a Scotchman, and a New Zealander, and it was impossible to resist the conclusion that each did his "turn" almost as though it had been a minstrel show. The doctor listened to the remarks of each soldier in rotation and each got his laugh. Some writers would call that real life; I prefer to think that it was real theatre life.

Miss Taylor was simply entrancing. In spite of the cockney dialect that she misunderstood and maltreated, she was perpetually charming. She was so "natural"—and only the most experienced actress knows the perfectly theatrical art of being "natural"—that she disarmed us all. Her voice is so soft and appealing; her manner so unconstrained and gentle, and the centre of the stage is apparently—mind you, I say apparently—so obnoxious to her, that the theatre to-day is enriched by the presence of Laurette Taylor.

The last act of "Out There" was untheatrical, and for that reason it fell down. Miss Taylor was seen addressing a mob in Trafalgar Square, London, for recruiting purposes. There *was* no mob. We were it. Of course the house was crowded, but suppose it hadn't been! At any rate, her recruiting remarks were not at all inspiring, or even clever, and as she stood there aloft in the Square, with the spotlight on her person, naturally we expected to be thrilled. However, perhaps that has all been changed. Even if it hasn't been altered, Laurette Taylor is still worth more than the price of admission to the theatre.

You simply must go and see "Plots and Playwrights" a two-part comedy acted by the Washington Square Players at the Comedy Theatre. Please remember that I have been rather haughty in my treatment of that organization. Well, after seeing "Plots and Playwrights" by Edward Massey, I succumb. It is one of the cleverest bits of satire, levelled against the rubbish that is foisted upon us *via* Broadway that I have ever seen. It is quite irresistible, and undoubtedly the most genuinely humorous offering of the season.



THE FUNNIEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME

We print here some of the best stories received in the \$500 prize contest. Winners' names will be announced and their stories printed in the May 19th issue of "Puck." (On sale May 14)

Almost—

A tricky Fate arranged my first meeting with her by trotting out a full-cream-cheese moon and a genial spring environment. So I fell—with a thud!

She was indeed stunning. Sunny blonde hair, laughing eyes, peachbloom complexion, a ravishing smile that displayed perfect pearl-like teeth—and a widow!

I was not the only pebble on the beach, however. I had perilous, indefatigable rivals in Gus Brocken, Sam Daniels, and Giraffe Moness, and the lovers campaigned for her affections in a wild succession of feasts and pleasures, with jealousies reaching fistic despair.

Blazing July came on and, like sheep, all followed the widow to the Catskills. Here the lovers' struggle continued vigorously.

Then I pulled a real coup. With ardent wooing, I won the pretty widow's consent, and now planned a big surprise. I quietly procured the license. There was to be a boating party. At the landing above, a waiting minister would perform the ceremony—right in the teeth of my desperate rivals! No one suspected.

Spite all my diplomacy, big Moness succeeded in getting the charming widow's boat. The rest rowed other girls. Moness, showing saccharine flatteries, deftly maneuvered his boat away ahead, out of sight. I began to evince some misgivings.

Hill streams are incomparable. Gliding smoothly, past scented meadows sparkling with dew, victorious love magnified Nature's beauties.

But, lo! these mountains have storms! In a twinkling the sun disappears. Sudden wind-flurries ruffle the calm stream. Leaves rustle everywhere, birds dart frantically to shelter. The sky gets gloomy-black. Then—deadly quiet, that ominous silence portending the evil storm.

Dazzling lightning flashes, racking thunderpeals, and the deluge is upon us! We tugged hard to shore, but before reaching a sheltering wood, the party was drenched. The poor girls, huddled like frightened lambs, bemoaned ruined dresses and hats.

I looked about for my pretty widow. In the wood ahead, I found her. Oh such disaster the storm had visited upon her! The wind had carried her peach-basket hat; her pretty blonde hair, in the shape of a wig, hung on a projecting limb where it caught the flood had washed away the veneer of paint and powder from her cheeks, and her teeth—the pearl-like set that engendered such ravishing smiles—were gone!

There she sat, in despair, water trickling over hairless head and down the pale, wrinkled cheeks.

And I? In the foliage hidden from view, I stood, a statue of aching disappointment, the passion-fire quenched. The heart that only a while before burned with a volcanic love, was now a silent crater.

Moness had disappeared mysteriously. Gus and Sam, glancing once, made off tactfully.

The minister was there, though greatly upset. "Where is the young man?" he incessantly demanded, but I had begun to slink off through the dense foliage, never stopping until I reached New York. I was panic stricken.

* * *

That was years ago. The license hangs in my bachelor's den, a diploma of graduation in supremest boobship.

A. C., St. Louis, Mo.

The Pretty, Artless Girl

Looking up from the typewriter while hammering off a few newspaper verses one afternoon, I was amazed to see a young girl crossing the threshold of my private sanctum. She came with the stealthy politeness typical of burglars and soft carpets. Of course she wasn't an intruder. She was a personal friend who had entered on a special mission which I shall not disclose until my productiveness gives out and the copy boy is lame.

The visitor was pretty and artless. Her face bore that angelic expression of nothingness indicative of a lack of worryment over the pathetic mysteries of the world.

In my eagerness to fulfill a promise to the printer, I broke a troth of etiquette when I asked her to wait, the while I balanced my brow to cast a die for the last line of verse. I told her to be seated, and she obeyed in silence.

My seventeenth sense whispered to me that the young girl had been eyeing me curiously, while my fingers moved with the feverishness of the novice over an almost unknown key-board. The machine suddenly stuck in a palsy when the silence of the sanctum, previously punctuated only by a monotonous click, was broken by a characteristically feminine yell.

"O, is that the way they do it?"

I turned and looked at the visitor from the corner of my eye, as if expecting a girlishly clever pun. "Do what?" I asked as rapturously as I could.

"Is that the way they write poetry?" she queried again in a tone of wonder.

I was overcome by a sense of pity and I began to evolve as sweetly and as slowly as I could a lengthy burlesque. She sat back, listening without interruption, only moving about in her chair now and then with the momentarily parted lip of wonder.

"My dear friend," I began with affected earnestness, "do you know that the fellow who wrestles and juggles words works in the same way and for the same reason as the barber, the physician, and the boot-black? The poet, poetaster, versifier, metrical rhymers—call him what you please—, I continued more intimately "thinks and sweats and yawns and grinds just like everybody else."

The pretty, artless girl bent forward in a confidential manner.

"I just love love poetry," she interrupted for the first time with a gleeful ejaculation. "I used to think," she went on, while I gaped in surprise, "that all verse was extracted from an Egyptian mummy's skull with a medicated pair of forceps."

E. E., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Apropos of Scenery

I was a nineteen-year old girl that year and good-looking. (Business of blushing). Uncle had invited me from my home in Iowa to attend the World's Fair in San Francisco, and I had eagerly accepted the invitation, even though it meant my traveling alone across the continent.

We were passing through the wonderful scenic region of Colorado, with its gloriously colored landscape, and my enthusiasm was such that I felt I must exclaim about the beauties I was beholding to some one. Sitting near me on the observation platform was a white-haired, venerable old man, a good-hearted scout, I felt sure, and with eyes that twinklingly took in the wonders of Nature.

Leaning over toward him, I said in my most winning way, "Don't you just love these beautiful colored panoramas?"

I have prayed for that old man ever since he gave me his answer. He looked about him apprehensively for a moment, and then said in a confidential tone, as if he feared being overheard, "They do say they're all right, but I never was much for them new-fangled things. I guess I'll just stay by the old-fashioned night-shirt."

R. H. F., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sub-sea Stuff

Our colored maid, Rose, who attended night school, was very proud of her progress and never missed an opportunity of displaying her learning. One evening the daughter of the house was entertaining some friends—boys and girls from the college near by. Rose wheeled in the tea-wagon with refreshments, then went to the book-case and stood looking earnestly at the books.

"What is it, Rose?" she was asked.

"Your maw done say I kin have a book to read," she replied proudly.

"Shall I select one for you?" suggested Miss-Blank kindly.

"No'm. I done picked it out myself. I wants the one about the shipwreck."

"The shipwreck?" Miss Blank was puzzled.

"Yas'm. Here it is: 'Twenty Thousand Legs Under the Sea.'"

E. J., Berkeley, Cal.

The Fish

The fish is a cold, slippery organism that lives under water and gets around by wagging its tail.

The fish has many uses. It is chiefly used for food, for sport, for fertilizer, for an excuse to go out and become partially intoxicated with a few congenial fellow-fishermen, for an incentive to violent and protracted cursing, for the manufacture of glue, and for a subject on which to hang feverish and passionate lies about the one that got away.

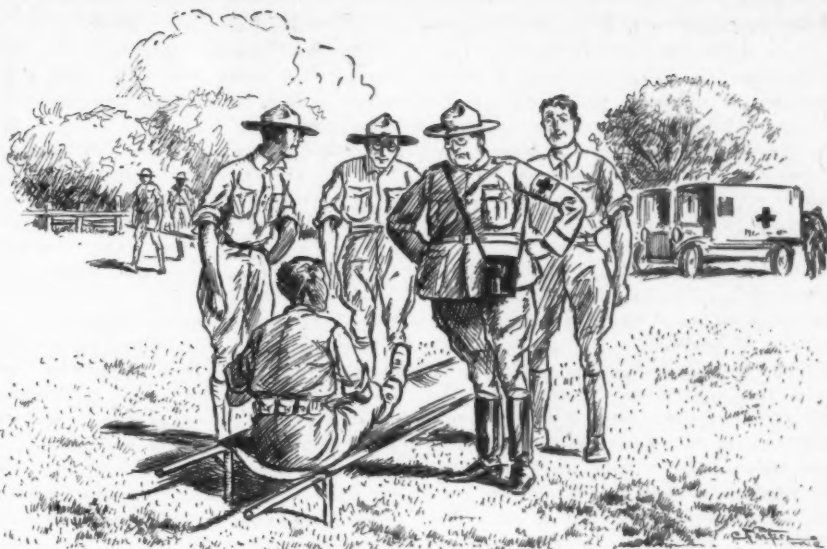
The pursuit of fish, technically known as fishing, is a disease which makes frightful inroads on men of all ages and nationalities. When in the grip of this dread sickness, a full-grown man of otherwise acute mentality will seek for hours on end to lure fish from waters where no waters have been seen since the year of the Big Fog, and still blame his bait when the fish refuse to bite.

Similarly, men of moderate means will spend hundreds of dollars for a complete fishing outfit, travel many miles to the North Woods, expose themselves to the bites of millions of ferocious insects, live on salt pork and canned goods for days at a time, and consider themselves well repaid if they can bring home one small fish weighing in the neighborhood of five pounds.

Fish are the most perverse creatures known to science. They are seldom where they are expected to be; and they almost never bite at the time when they are expected to bite. Furthermore, they are seldom satisfied with the food which the fisherman offers them; and fishermen who go fishing with the intention of catching a particular sort of fish often discover that their hooks are cluttered up with fish for which they have no use. Thus it is that the salt-water fisherman catches dog-fish instead of cod, while the fresh-water fisherman captures perch instead of bass—a matter which gives rise to the intense and vigorous profanity mentioned in paragraph 2.

To the average woman, fish is merely something to eat on Friday. The thought of spending the price of a small automobile or the rent of a summer cottage on a two weeks' trip to Maine for the sole purpose of yanking a few slimy fish out of a dark brown brook does not appeal to her at all. In fact, it makes her ill. She would infinitely prefer to spend the same amount of money on having the house resingled and repainted, or on paying off a part of the mortgage. This shows the innate silliness of women.

Anybody who has never felt the lure of fishing would do well, if he wishes to preserve his peace of mind, to confine himself to eating fish and not bother with the problem of catching them. —K. L. Roberts



During the Maneuvers

Surgeon: "This man is supposed to be wounded in the leg. You can practice some of those dressings I showed you."

Wounded man: "How would it be, Doctor, if they was to practice givin' me a drop o' brandy first?"

Feminism

Basking in garden delight,

Dreamy, and quite at her ease,

Phyllis proceeds to indite

Verses that drone about bees.

Droning in lumbering flight,

Settles, the blackest of bees!

Phyllis, in frantic affright,

Banishes romance—and flees!

Sure to Reach

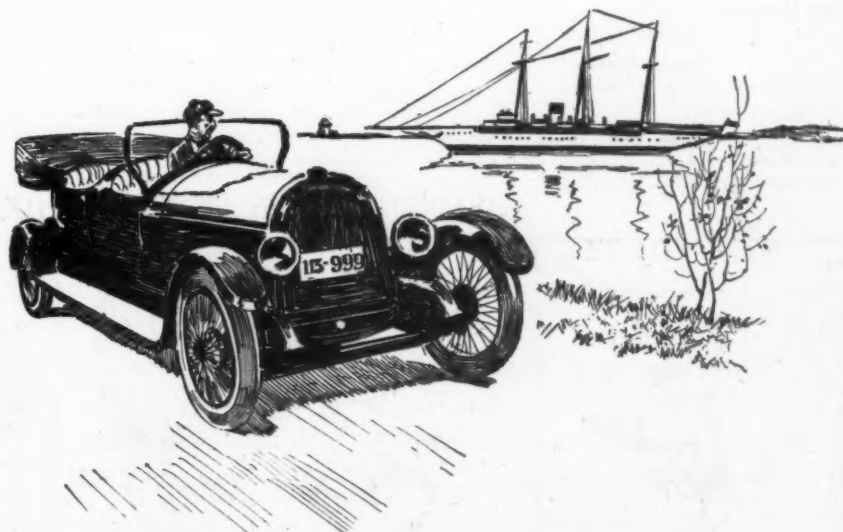
"I am going to write to Congress and tell them about it," said the busy-body, "Who'd I better address my letter to?"

"To the committee on the disposition of useless papers, of course," answered the chronic grouch.

Calculating

"How do you manage to get so many surgical cases?"

"I recommend motoring to my patients for the sake of the open air," replied the doctor. "Then it's only a question of time."



And then — when after years of effort, we finally manage to acquire the finest and most expensive car manufactured . . .

The Acquaintance Who Is Dragged Into the Conversation

Everyone has an acquaintance whom he mentions as frequently as possible for the purpose of adding to his own importance in the eyes of those with whom he talks.

One frequently hears a man say: "I had lunch with Mr. Smithenfeller recently — John D. Smithenfeller, you know; and in the course of the conversation he told me this and that, and thus and so."

Such a statement is intended to be interpreted as follows: "I am acquainted with John D. Smithenfeller—the rich Mr. Smithenfeller whose name gets in the papers so often and who has the big brick house on the avenue, the collection of famous paintings and the forty-seven servants. I know him well enough to take lunch with him. He speaks to me just as he'd speak to a person equally as important and as rich as he himself is. In a way, this makes me important and wealthy by proxy. You, probably, don't know Mr. Smithenfeller. Therefore you are not quite in my class. I feel sorry for you."

Actually, the statement is more apt to be interpreted in the following manner: "He says he took lunch with John D. Smithenfeller, and had a conversation with him. Probably Smithenfeller got stuck at the same table with him in a dining car, and asked him to pass the salt. He has a nerve to imply that Smithenfeller would have anything to do with *him*! Why, Smithenfeller would spot him for a second-rater in a second. He is probably a liar; and anyway, Smithenfeller isn't so much. If Smithenfeller ever met *me*, now, we'd probably get to be great chums."

Though the dragging in of the names of important acquaintances during a conversation is a distinct bore, it is nevertheless a good sign. People who do it show that they are ambitious to escape from their own little circle and become active in larger and more glittering circles. It is this spirit which enables a peddler to become a merchant prince and a bootblack to become a railroad president.

Suspicious

"John," she said after dinner.

"Yes, my dear."

"Is the drinking water at your office flavored with cloves?"

Riotous New York

The San Francisco *Argonaut* has been hearing tales about New York. Hence the following finds its way into those carefully edited columns:

While in downtown New York hungry crowds are choking the streets, uptown New York is at high carnival. The bread riot is matched twenty blocks away by a money riot. Every returning visitor from New York brings report of revelries which more than match the extravagance of decadent Rome.

One might naturally think after reading those intense words that New York was just one large kaleidoscopic riot. We here on the ground, who are going regularly about our moreover less commonplace business every day don't see it in exactly that light, but perhaps those "returning visitors" studied conditions a little more intimately than we have.

The Belt Line

"I propose," said the ambitious young man, "to girdle the earth."

"Oh," she innocently exclaimed, "why do you begin on such a big thing?"

But he just sat there and twirled his hat, the foolish fellow.

Crushed

MR. SLIMPURSE (feeling his way): Your charming daughter tells me that she is an excellent cook and housekeeper.

OLD LADY (calmly): Yes, I have had her carefully taught, for I have always held that no lady who does not understand housekeeping can properly direct a retinue of servants.

Going by Opposites

"What is your name?"

"Minnie, mum."

"All right, but we expect a maximum amount of work out of you."

Human Nature

TED: I often wonder why people ask foolish questions?

NED: Probably for the same reason that they give unnecessary information. When the telephone rings loud enough to wake the dead everybody nearly shouts at you "There's the 'phone."



At the Circus

The bride came in on the arm of her father.

At the German Headquarters

FIRST GENERAL: We'll refer to the rout as a strategic retreat due to a numerical superiority of the enemy.

SECOND GENERAL: Why not try something new? For instance: "According to a prearrangement of the General Staff, we retired along the—sector in an effort to effect a coup de main on the enemy, but succeeded in enticing him to advance only as far as our third line trenches."

TOURIST: Who is the best doctor in the village?

NATIVE: Wal, I allus recommend Dr. Killumquick.

TOURIST: Are you a good judge?

NATIVE: Jedge, No, I'm the undertaker.

The Poor Waiter

OLD LADY (who has been lunching with her son) — Here, William, you left this quarter on the table by mistake. It's lucky I saw it, because the waiter had his eye on it.

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES LINE



"Who goes there?"

A friend with rations

Pass friend—halt rations."

After Isaac Watts, Lewis Carroll, et al
How doth the little German sub
Improve each shining day
By sinking every unarmed tub
That dares to come her way.

How brave the crew, they launch their torp,
And while the wreckage tosses,
They hasten back to Kaiser Bill
To get their Iron Crosses.

At the close of his Sunday sermon the
minister of a Missouri church briefly an-
nounced:

"The parties who are to be joined in
matrimony will present themselves at the
altar immediately after singing hymn No.
415, 'Mistaken Souls that Dream of Heaven.'"

"Begin at the bottom and work up," coun-
seled the eminent divine as he was address-
ing a congregation of young men. "That
is the only way. There is no exception."

"I cannot begin at the bottom, sir," said
a young man whose hands bore the marks
of honest toil.

"And why not?" demanded the preacher.
"I am a well digger," he replied re-
spectfully.



Three Days from Port

Find the man who paid \$960 for the
Stateroom-de-luxe.

Things That Would Never Be Missed

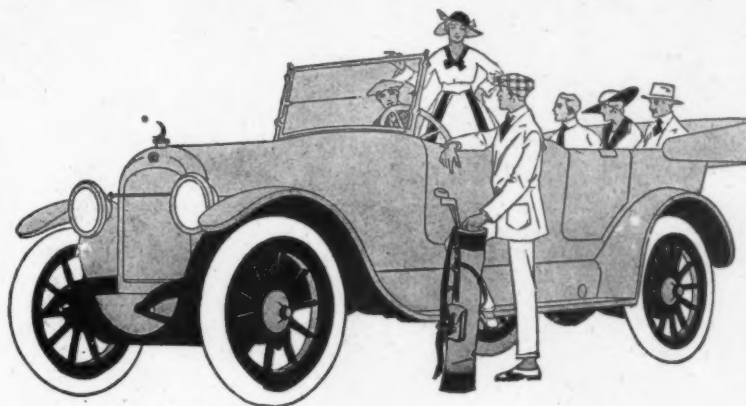
Asparagus forks
Authors who roll their manuscripts
Cobblestones
Derby hats
Doctors who advocate the abolition of
kissing
English sparrows
Hohenzollerns, The
Internationalists
Light blue ink
Old Clothes men
People who write to the newspapers to
find out the value of old coins
Paper towels
Rejection slips
School-girls' vocabulary, The
Senator Stone
Sport shirts for movie actors
Sayville wireless, The
Trainmen who strike
T. R.
Weekly news letters from Curb brokers.

Effective

POLICE COMMISSIONER: If you were order-
ed to disperse a mob, what would you do?

APPLICANT: Pass around the hat, sir.

POLICE COMMISSIONER: That'll do. You're
engaged.



It is the discriminating person in every
community who appreciates the niceties of
Moon workmanship.

Moon car bodies are exceptionally fine examples
of the coach-maker's skill—while the chassis
represents the highest achievements in the field
of automobile engineering.

Graceful in outline—the Moon touring car is
of stout and dependable build.

MOON CARS

A few Moon features

Red Seal Continental motor—Delco starting, lighting and igniting
system—motor-driven tire pump—Rayfield carburetors—slanting
windshield—complete chassis and body equipment.

The Moon Sixes

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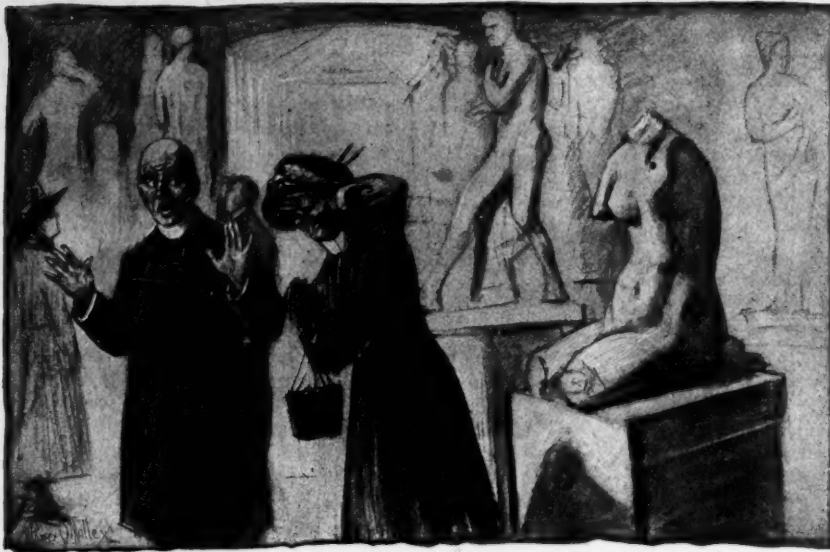


"Take It From Me"!

by Rolf Armstrong

A charming den picture in full
color, on heavy plate paper, size
11 x 14, sent to any address, care-
fully protected and all
ready for framing for **25c.**

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 210 Fifth Ave., New York



An Improper Fraction

The Idealists

It was the last night of the week-end party which had brought them together again after many long years.

He was an artist with several pictures in a Paris Salon. She was the wife of a business man who lost most of his hard-earned profits in the stock market.

"You are not overbold," she confided in answer to his question, "I have thought of divorce secretly—some times."

He moved round in his chair to face her.

"Tell me," he asked pointblank, "has the thought been revived with our meeting?"

She nodded slightly. And presently when he dropped down beside her in the porch swing she nestled into his arms naturally, as she had on such moonlight nights in the long ago.

"My little world is tiresome," she admitted frankly, "My husband talks only of business and it bores me."

"I should think it would," smiled he, "It must be torture. You are so delicately feminine."

He was close enough to appreciate her radiant beauty and it prompted him to kiss her.

"You do fascinate me," she breathed softly, "You have the fine sensibilities of an artist. You are an idealist, the same as I."

"Which makes me love you," he declared. "My life is a continual search for beautiful women. But you are my ideal. I am mad!"

The appearance of the butler interrupted his heated declaration.

"A message for Madame," the servant announced, delivering the telegram he brought.

She tore open the envelope with trembling fingers. But a smile lighted her face when she read the message.

"What luck!" she exclaimed, "It's the best news ever!"

She ran over to the doorway. She would

have left her "ideal" without explanation if he had not demanded it.

"It's wonderful," she laughed, "Hubby hit the stock market just right this time and the old dear has bought me a new ninety horse power limousine. I just can't wait to see him and tell him what a precious old thing he is."

She darted into the house, whereupon the artist, left helplessly alone, settled himself comfortably in the swing and lit a cigarette.

"I wonder," he mused, "if that cute little model I am so crazy about will be waiting for me at the studio." — Jacques Malvene

Imperative Needs of Amateur Gardeners

Violet-scented fertilizer for the use of ultra-refined gardeners.

A hand-book, with diagrams and colored pictures, showing the difference between baby weeds and infant vegetables and flowers.

A rake with collapsible teeth, which will permit the owner to leave the rake lying on the ground and to step on it in an unguarded moment without puncturing his feet in several places.

An automatic phonograph, which will play one record over and over for twenty-four hours without stopping, and which can be placed in the garden and made to say "Boo!" and "Scat!" at fifteen-second intervals as a warning to chickens, cats and other marauding fauna.

A massaging machine, with which to massage the back after a twenty-minute spell of weeding.

A mechanical cut-worm and potato-bug killer, which will make it unnecessary for lady gardeners to step on the poor little things.

A contrivance to send an electric current through flower and vegetable stems, so that persons who attempt to pick them without permission will be severely shocked.

TESTBESTOS

BRAKE LINING

More Necessary Than Chains

TESTBESTOS INSURES PERFECT BRAKE CONTROL. Brakes never fail, never slip when brake bands are lined with Testbestos. There is no sense of strain when driving in tight places.

Tell the garage man to reline your car's brake with Testbestos. Or write for the name of the dealer nearby.

AMERICAN ASBESTOS COMPANY

Norristown, Pa., U. S. A.

Look for the red label on every foot of Testbestos.



"Say, Mister, will ye cover dat hole kind o' careless? Here comes de dog catcher!"

Patriotism

Patriotism is the love one has for one's country. It is a thoroughly respectable passion and many men specialize in it. Some of these indeed proclaim their patriotism so loudly and so obtrusively as to lay themselves open to serious suspicion. Others, however, have to be continually urged and exhorted in order that their patriotism may not grow pallid and perish.

It is usually considered much easier for a man to love a country if he has a deed to a large portion of it than if his ownership is merely rhetorical. This explains somewhat why it is so often necessary for those who own the country to provide silver-tongued orators with the wherewithal to go about preaching patriotism to those who do not own the country.

All is not patriotism that patters.

Spring Styles in Baby Carriages



Downtown



Uptown



The Sign of "The Best Safety"

The Blade of Blades Sealed

7 for 35¢

It is the steel in the Gem Damaskeene Blade, and the treatment of it, that keeps the edge right—and this keen edged Blade, with the properly set Gem Frame, makes the GEM outfit the greatest shaving combination in the world today.

GEM
GEM DAMASKEENE BLADES
RAZOR

Gem Blades are sold only in sealed, wax paper wrapped packages—moisture and dust proof—each blade in a separate envelope and each blade edge protected. Seven blades to the set, 35c.

The GEM means speed—ease—comfort—economy. Don't miss it!! Outfit includes razor, complete, with seven Gem Damaskeene Blades, shaving and stopping handle, in handsome, durable case. **\$1.00**

Dealers Everywhere

Gem Cutlery Co., Inc., New York

Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine St., W. Montreal

Many a man owes his reputation as a "master mixer" to

Club Cocktails

He deserves all the credit he gets for his discrimination, because he has selected an incomparable mixture of fine liquors, aged in the wood to velvet smoothness. And he pours over large lumps of ice or chills the bottle, so that no excessive dilution impairs the flavor.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

Hartford New York London

Importers of the Famous
BRAND'S A-1 SAUCE

The "Bouquet"



Its rare, aromatic bouquet lends to Old Overholt Rye a distinctive taste and flavor. For years

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 106 years"

has been the favorite of particular people and its universal popularity is due to the fact that it is as pure, rich and wholesome today as in 1810. Old Overholt is made from selected Pennsylvania Rye, aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

A. Overholt & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Broadway at 42d St.
Tel. Bryant 392

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MAXINE ELLIOTT'S Love o' Mike
SHUBERT Eileen

The St. James
Philadelphia
Walnut at 13th.
Centrally located
Distinctive service
Excellent cuisine
Room with bath, \$2 up
R. J. Ritchie,
Mgr.




"I saved this
dress for
15c.—"

"You remember that awful grease
spot? I took it out with—"

CARBONA
Cleaning Fluid

And, my dear, you can use Carbona
on anything because it will not injure
the most delicate fabric or
color.

I like it, too, because it is
perfectly safe to use day or
night—you know Carbona
is the one cleaning fluid
that—

will not explode."

15c.—25c.—50c.—\$1.00 bottles
At all druggists





Will he come back?

New Thought for Old Husbands

Have you a little inharmony in your home? We are in receipt of a circular advertisement from *The Nautilus*, a New Thought magazine, which promises an article telling "how a woman with a drunken, brutal husband who beat her, overcame inharmony in her home and now enjoys a life free from fear."

This is worth looking into. A drunken, brutal husband who beats his wife is one of the most inharmonious things a home can have and anything that will eradicate it is a household boon.

An Impending Epidemic

A Harvard instructor in physiology, Dr. Percy G. Stiles by name, tells us through the medium of the news columns that to avoid nervous fatigue, one needs only to shun all irritation, from an aching foot to a nagging wife or husband.

There will be precious little avoiding of nervous fatigue in the United States of America, if this is true, until Germany, the murderer of women and children, the despoiler of Belgium, the instigator of treachery, the breaker of treaties, the apostle of frightfulness, the upholder of rapine and the advocate of all that is foul and vile in warfare is stripped of her weapons and forcibly restrained from ever again endangering the world.

Nor can citizens of this country expect to shun irritation while such men as La Follette and Stone remain in the United States Senate, defying the wishes of the people and playing into the hands of Germany.

If Dr. Percy G. Stiles is correct in his statement, the United States is in line for an epidemic of nervous fatigue that will give the health authorities something to think about during the coming summer.

GOLFERS!

Here is a Golf Shop to your liking.

In charge of people with whom you can talk Golf intelligently.

With adequate stocks of Golf Clubs—right and left-handed, also women's. Slazenger's, Spalding's and our own excellent Edinboro Clubs.

Golf Balls of all popular makes; Caddie Bags and all other accessories.

Minimum prices. Prompt attention to Orders by Mail.

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STRAUS**
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Beautiful Diamonds Sent on Approval. No Money Down. Order any diamond from our catalog; we will send it all charges paid. After you have made a thorough examination and are satisfied as to the quality and value, pay 20 per cent of the price and only 10 per cent per month thereafter. If not satisfactory, return it at our expense. Don't pay a cent until you are satisfied. Certificate furnished guaranteeing the quality of every diamond. Exchangeable any time for any other article at an annual increase in value of 7 1/2 per cent more than you paid. Own a genuine Diamond. Send for our free Catalog De Luxe No. 77c. L. W. SWEET & CO., Inc., 2 & 4 Madison Lane, New York City

"The Nightwear of a Nation!"

Faultless

since 1881

Pajamas & Night Shirts

-the climax of comfort and value-

E. ROSENFIELD & CO. BALTO. & NEW YORK

The Acquaintance Who Is Dragged Into the Conversation

Everyone has an acquaintance whom he mentions as frequently as possible for the purpose of adding to his own importance in the eyes of those with whom he talks.

One frequently hears a man say: "I had lunch with Mr. Smithenfeller recently — John D. Smithenfeller, you know; and in the course of the conversation he told me this and that, and thus and so."

Such a statement is intended to be interpreted as follows: "I am acquainted with John D. Smithenfeller—the rich Mr. Smithenfeller whose name gets in the papers so often and who has the big brick house on the avenue, the collection of famous paintings and the forty-seven servants. I know him well enough to take lunch with him. He speaks to me just as he'd speak to a person equally as important and as rich as he himself is. In a way, this makes me important and wealthy by proxy. You, probably, don't know Mr. Smithenfeller. Therefore you are not quite in my class. I feel sorry for you."

Actually, the statement is more apt to be interpreted in the following manner: "He says he took lunch with John D. Smithenfeller, and had a conversation with him. Probably Smithenfeller got stuck at the same table with him in a dining car, and asked him to pass the salt. He has a nerve to imply that Smithenfeller would have anything to do with *him*! Why, Smithenfeller would spot him for a second-rater in a second. He is probably a liar; and anyway, Smithenfeller isn't so much. If Smithenfeller ever met *me*, now, we'd probably get to be great chums."

Though the dragging in of the names of important acquaintances during a conversation is a distinct bore, it is nevertheless a good sign. People who do it show that they are ambitious to escape from their own little circle and become active in larger and more glittering circles. It is this spirit which enables a peddler to become a merchant prince and a bootblack to become a railroad president.

Suspicious

"John," she said after dinner.

"Yes, my dear."

"Is the drinking water at your office flavored with cloves?"

Riotous New York

The San Francisco *Argonaut* has been hearing tales about New York. Hence the following finds its way into those carefully edited columns:

While in downtown New York hungry crowds are choking the streets, uptown New York is at high carnival. The bread riot is matched twenty blocks away by a money riot. Every returning visitor from New York brings report of revelries which more than match the extravagance of decadent Rome.

One might naturally think after reading those intense words that New York was just one large kaleidoscopic riot. We here on the ground, who are going regularly about our moreover less commonplace business every day don't see it in exactly that light, but perhaps those "returning visitors" studied conditions a little more intimately than we have.

The Belt Line

"I propose," said the ambitious young man, "to girdle the earth."

"Oh," she innocently exclaimed, "why do you begin on such a big thing?"

But he just sat there and twirled his hat, the foolish fellow.

Crushed

MR. SLIMPURSE (feeling his way): Your charming daughter tells me that she is an excellent cook and housekeeper.

OLD LADY (calmly): Yes, I have had her carefully taught, for I have always held that no lady who does not understand house-keeping can properly direct a retinue of servants.

Going by Opposites

"What is your name?"

"Minnie, mum."

"All right, but we expect a maximum amount of work out of you."

Human Nature

TED: I often wonder why people ask foolish questions?

NED: Probably for the same reason that they give unnecessary information. When the telephone rings loud enough to wake the dead everybody nearly shouts at you "There's the 'phone."



At the Circus

The bride came in on the arm of her father.

At the German Headquarters

FIRST GENERAL: We'll refer to the rout as a strategic retreat due to a numerical superiority of the enemy.

SECOND GENERAL: Why not try something new? For instance: "According to a prearrangement of the General Staff, we retired along the—sector in an effort to effect a coup de main on the enemy, but succeeded in enticing him to advance only as far as our third line trenches."

TOURIST: Who is the best doctor in the village?

NATIVE: Wal, I allus recommend Dr. Killumquick.

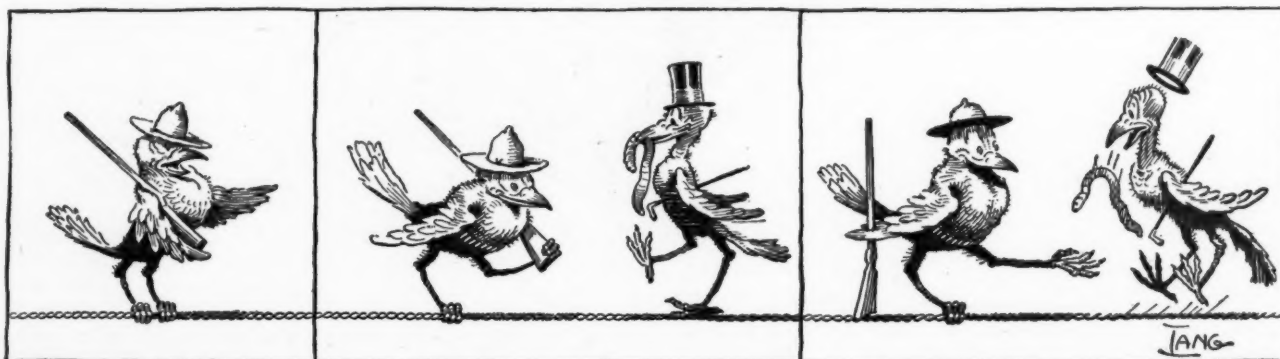
TOURIST: Are you a good judge?

NATIVE: Jedge, No, I'm the undertaker.

The Poor Waiter

OLD LADY (who has been lunching with her son) — Here, William, you left this quarter on the table by mistake. It's lucky I saw it, because the waiter had his eye on it.

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES LINE



"Who goes there?"

A friend with rations

Pass friend—halt rations."

After Isaac Watts, Lewis Carroll, et al
How doth the little German sub
Improve each shining day
By sinking every unarmed tub
That dares to come her way.

How brave the crew, they launch their torp,
And while the wreckage tosses,
They hasten back to Kaiser Bill
To get their Iron Crosses.

At the close of his Sunday sermon the
minister of a Missouri church briefly an-
nounced:

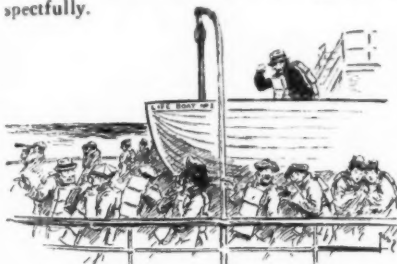
"The parties who are to be joined in
matrimony will present themselves at the
altar immediately after singing hymn No.
415, 'Mistaken Souls that Dream of Heaven.'"

"Begin at the bottom and work up," coun-
seled the eminent divine as he was address-
ing a congregation of young men. "That
is the only way. There is no exception."

"I cannot begin at the bottom, sir," said
a young man whose hands bore the marks
of honest toil.

"And why not?" demanded the preacher.

"I am a well digger," he replied re-
spectfully.



Three Days from Port

Find the man who paid \$960 for the
Stateroom-de-luxe.

Things That Would Never Be Missed

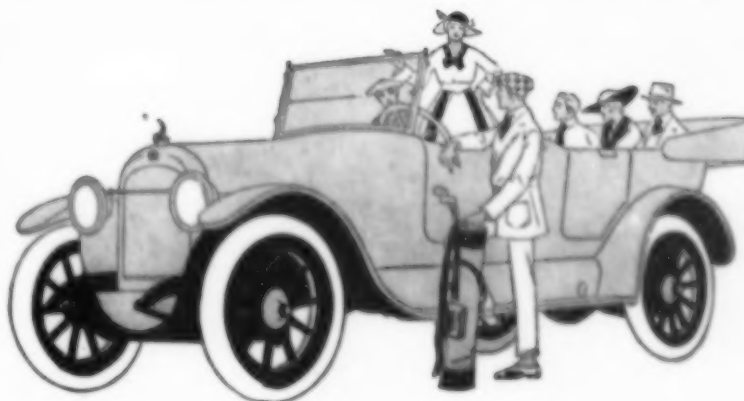
Asparagus forks
Authors who roll their manuscripts
Cobblestones
Derby hats
Doctors who advocate the abolition of
kissing
English sparrows
Hohenzollerns, The
Internationalists
Light blue ink
Old Clothes men
People who write to the newspapers to
find out the value of old coins
Paper towels
Rejection slips
School-girls' vocabulary, The
Senator Stone
Sport shirts for movie actors
Sayville wireless, The
Trainmen who strike
T. R.
Weekly news letters from Curb brokers.

Effective

POLICE COMMISSIONER: If you were order-
ed to disperse a mob, what would you do?

APPLICANT: Pass around the hat, sir.

POLICE COMMISSIONER: That'll do. You're
engaged.



It is the discriminating person in every
community who appreciates the niceties of
Moon workmanship.

Moon car bodies are exceptionally fine examples
of the coach-maker's skill—while the chassis
represents the highest achievements in the field
of automobile engineering.

Graceful in outline—the Moon touring car is
of stout and dependable build.

MOON CARS

A few Moon features

Red Seal Continental motor—Delco starting, lighting and igniting
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on anything because it will not injure
the most delicate fabric or
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Will he come back?

New Thought for Old Husbands

Have you a little inharmony in your home? We are in receipt of a circular advertisement from *The Nautilus*, a New Thought magazine, which promises an article telling "how a woman with a drunken, brutal husband who beat her, overcame inharmony in her home and now enjoys a life free from fear."

This is worth looking into. A drunken, brutal husband who beats his wife is one of the most inharmonious things a home can have and anything that will eradicate it is a household boon.

An Impending Epidemic

A Harvard instructor in physiology, Dr. Percy G. Stiles by name, tells us through the medium of the news columns that to avoid nervous fatigue, one needs only to shun all irritation, from an aching foot to a nagging wife or husband.

There will be precious little avoiding of nervous fatigue in the United States of America, if this is true, until Germany, the murderer of women and children, the despoiler of Belgium, the instigator of treachery, the breaker of treaties, the apostle of frightfulness, the upholder of rapine and the advocate of all that is foul and vile in warfare is stripped of her weapons and forcibly restrained from ever again endangering the world.

Nor can citizens of this country expect to shun irritation while such men as La Follette and Stone remain in the United States Senate, defying the wishes of the people and playing into the hands of Germany.

If Dr. Percy G. Stiles is correct in his statement, the United States is in line for an epidemic of nervous fatigue that will give the health authorities something to think about during the coming summer.

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Gulliver's Travels in Modernist-Land

Modernist-land lies due south of Vapid Bay in the Sea of Impressionism. It is inhabited by Free Verse writers, Ultra-Impressionist painters, and all the other folk who believe in the rapidly growing artistic cult of getting something for nothing.

The most noteworthy feature about Modernist-land is the fact that its buildings, its industries and its educational system are based on the theories that govern the work of its inhabitants.

Just as the writer of Free Verse shrieks with merriment at the meticulous care and the indefatigable labor with which the poets of old wrote and rewrote and polished their poems; and just as the painter of ultra-impressionist canvases scorns the weeks of toil and the careful drawing that went to the making of the greatest masterpieces of painting; even so do the architects and the carpenters and the tailors of Modernist-land ignore the rules which they would be expected to follow in more conventional localities.

Thus, I found the natives wearing garments made of all sorts of cloth, sewn together in a most imperfect manner. The first person with whom I talked was a noted painter of impressionist sea-scapes. It was his boast that he never spent more than ten minutes on a painting and that he never received less than five hundred dollars for one. His clothes were a jumbled mass of oddly-shaped pieces, and he was holding them together in front with both hands.

"My tailor is a real artist," said he proudly, in response to my question. "He made this suit for me in eleven minutes. The technique is marvelous. The color-scheme is daring, yet refreshing. You must let him make you a suit. He will do one for you for a hundred and fifty dollars."

At this juncture something slipped at the rear of his suit, and he was obliged to clutch wildly at it. His motion withdrew some much needed support from the front of the suit. I went away hastily, scenting a catastrophe from afar.

Some of the finest residences in Modernist-land consisted of nothing save a few boards tossed carelessly together. The finest mansion of all belonged to a celebrated writer of Free Verse. A complete framework had been erected; but the roof was missing, and only a few clapboards of varying lengths had been affixed to the sides. None of the windowframes contained glass, and the fireplaces had no chimneys.

"The contractor who built this house," stated the Free Verse writer, as he led me through his home, "has made a careful study of Impressionist methods, and has caught the spirit exactly. It took him only three hours to erect this house, but he charged as much for it as though he had taken three months on it. The suggestions which it contains are charming."

At this point, unfortunately, I fell through an unfinished portion of the floor. Finding myself on solid ground, and unharmed, I decided to proceed.

My wanderings next took me to the unassuming residence of a Futurist sculptor. It consisted of a few scantlings placed on the ground, with an occasional packing-box lying among them. "We are just at dinner," declared the sculptor hospitably. "Won't you step into the dining-room and join us?"

Without heeding my protests, he led me across several scantlings to a packing-box around which his wife and children were seated.

"Try some of this noodle soup," he urged, placing a dish before me.

"But this isn't noodle soup!" I objected as politely as possible. "This is nothing but sawdust with a few blades of grass in it!"

The sculptor smiled pityingly. "My dear chap," said he, "that's noodle soup! Take my word for it! I got it from my delicatessen dealer myself! A quart of it costs twenty cents. There was a sign on it that said Noodle Soup!"

I excused myself as quickly as possible and started back toward the shore. On my way I paused for a moment to glance into a school-house. A teacher was showing a pupil a little brown dog that was running down the street.

"What color is that dog?" asked the teacher.

"Brown," replied the pupil.

"Wrong again!" shrieked the teacher in despair. "It's light blue with red stripes! How do you ever expect to appreciate impressionist painting if you answer that way? Only yesterday you told me that four times four is sixteen, whereas any good modernist ought to know that it is only seven. Go to the foot of the class and pull the dunce's cap down over your face!"

Moaning sadly, I fled to the shore, jumped in and swam rapidly to my vessel. Severing the anchor-rod with my teeth, I quickly hoisted my mizzen-sail and bore away from that bewildering spot.

As soon as I had piped myself aft for a glass of grog, I got out my charts and wrote the words "Breakers: Keep Away!" around the location of Modernist-land. It's no place for an honest man.

— K. L. R.

A Measure of Art

A struggling artist was recently visited by an old friend who, after inspecting various canvases, stopped before one that he could not quite make out. He didn't know whether it was a bit of impressionism, or a frank attempt at a post advertisement.

"Tom," he asked the artist, "what on earth is this picture supposed to represent?"

"Board and lodging for a couple of weeks," answered Tom.

How Pa Felt

YOUNG MAN: So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister? Who comes after her?

SMALL BROTHER: Nobody ain't come yet; but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her.



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of PUCK, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1917. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Foster Gilroy, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Puck, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business managers are: Publisher Puck Publishing Corporation, 210 Fifth Avenue, New York; Editor Foster Gilroy, 210 Fifth Avenue, New York; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Nathan Straus, Jr., 210 Fifth Avenue, New York. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.); Puck Publishing Corporation, 210 Fifth Avenue, New York; Nathan Straus, Jr., 210 Fifth Avenue, New York; H. Grant Straus, 42 Warren Street, New York. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the names of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FOSTER GILROY, Editor.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-seventh day of March, 1917.
[SEAL.] W. A. Sands, Notary Public, N. Y. Co.
(My commission expires March 30, 1917.)

Nationalizing an Idea



GIVING to a national movement its start and momentum, crystallizing its idea in the national mind, distilling this idea into a great dynamic force—the men and organizations equipped to accomplish this task in America's forty-eight states are not many.

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Realization of the power that lies in control of such wide, swift machinery of communication is the reason for the restraint and caution that always go hand-in-hand with a steady onwardness in the editorial conduct of Collier's.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Grow Younger as You Grow Older!

Younger in Body, Younger in Spirit, Younger in Ambition, Younger in Every Characteristic that Gives Greater Earning and Living Power, Greater Thought Power, Greater Pleasure-Obtaining Power and Greater Health-Promoting Power

THE number of years a man has lived does not tell how old or young he is. A man is as old or as young as his energy, his vitality, his capacity for work and play, his resisting power against disease and fatigue.

A man is only as old or as young as his memory power, will power, sustained-thought power, personality power, concentration power and brain power. He is only as old or as young as his digestive power, his heart power, his lung power, his kidney power, his liver power. Age is measured by the age of our cells, tissues and organs, and not by the calendar!

Cultivate the Cells

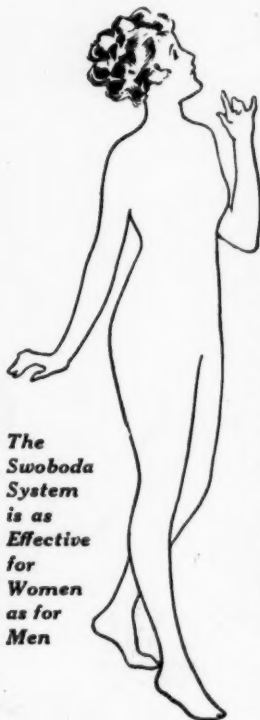
Everybody knows that the body and brain are made up of millions of tiny cells. We can be no younger than those cells are young. We can be no more efficient in any way than those cells are efficient. We can be no more energetic than the combined energy of those cells.

By conscious cultivation of these cells, it is as natural as the law of gravity that we become more efficient, more alive, more energetic, more ambitious, more enthusiastic, more youthful. By consciously developing the cells in our stomachs, we must improve our digestion. By consciously developing the cells in the heart, we must increase its strength in exact proportion. By consciously developing the brain cells the result can only be multiplied brain power—and so with every organ in the body.

What we are and what we are capable of accomplishing depends entirely and absolutely on the degree of development of our cells. They are the sole controlling factors in us. We are only as young and as great and as powerful as they are.

There Is No Fraud Like Self-Deception

You may think you are young, strong, brainy, energetic, happy, yet when compared with other men or women, you are old, weak, dull, listless and unhappy. You do not know what you are capable of accomplishing because you have not begun to develop the real vital powers



The Swoboda System is as Effective for Women as for Men

within you. The truth is you are only a dwarf in health and mind when you can easily become a giant through conscious development of every cell, tissue and organ in your body and brain. By accelerating the development of the powers within you, you can actually become younger, as you grow older—yes, younger in every way that will contribute to your health, happiness and prosperity.

Conscious Evolution—the Secret

Swoboda proves that Conscious Evolution gives energy and vitality to spare, digestive power to spare, self reliance to spare, and gives many other desirable characteristics to spare. He proves that Conscious Evolution makes people disease-proof, fatigue-proof. He maintains that to possess sufficient vitality and energy and to keep the body in normal health under the most favorable conditions is no more health prosperity than to have only enough money from day to day to meet current expenses. Great reserve health, great reserve energy is what we must acquire if we are to successfully nullify the ravages of time, and to easily overcome every adverse condition and thus enjoy the benefit of our health power and the advantage of our energy.

Beware of Health Poverty

As Swoboda says, "There are individuals who seek work only when their last cent is gone. Likewise, individuals live from minute to minute and from day to day, seeking health and energy only as they need them badly."

Conscious Evolution is for them—for everyone. It is a simple scientific and practical system by means of which every part of the brain and body is energized, strengthened, awakened, so that we become possessed of a super health and mentality—the Swoboda kind of health and mentality. Conscious Evolution makes for good fortune by developing the resources and the ability and power of personality.

Strange as it may seem, this revolutionary method of consciously awakening and developing weakened and lifeless cells requires no drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. It does not require dieting, deep breathing, excessive exercising, cold baths, electricity or massage. It takes only a few minutes a day, yet so startling is the effect of Swoboda's system that you begin to feel younger, renewed, revitalized, re-energized after the first day.

AN AMAZING BOOK FOR YOU

Swoboda has published for distribution a remarkable book which explains his system of Conscious Evolution and what it has already done. Write for this book—not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 200,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda, including Chas. E. Hughes, Rockefeller, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Armours, the Cudads, the Swifts—but write for the book because it means so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and resisting power. It is a big book filled from cover to cover with the vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of perfection in body and mind that you so much desire. It exposes the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise, and excessive muscular development.

Regardless of how you may feel, of how efficient you may think you are—regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may consider yourself—regardless of how happy, how contented you may pride yourself on being—regardless of how healthy, wealthy or successful you may be, you cannot afford, in justice to yourself, to miss the interesting and instructive secrets explained for the first time in this startling new book.

A mere reading of "Conscious Evolution" will so fill you with enthusiasm, and ambition, that you will not rest until you have yourself acquired the Swoboda kind of health and energy by cultivating and revitalizing intensely every cell, tissue and organ in your own system. Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it or write a letter or a postal card and mail it today. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages you will have been repaid a thousand-fold for reading it. I urge you by all means not to delay, not to say, "I'll do it later," but to send NOW, while the matter is on your mind. Remember, the book is absolutely free for you to keep—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write NOW. Address

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A
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Conscious Evolution has followers all over the world, in all countries of the globe. I have followers in the Fiji Islands, in Java, in New Zealand, in Australia, in the Philippines, in China, in Japan, in Brazil, in Argentina, in Bolivia, and in all of the Southern and Central American countries as well as in Canada and Mexico.

Alois P. Swoboda
2213 Aeolian Building
New York City

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